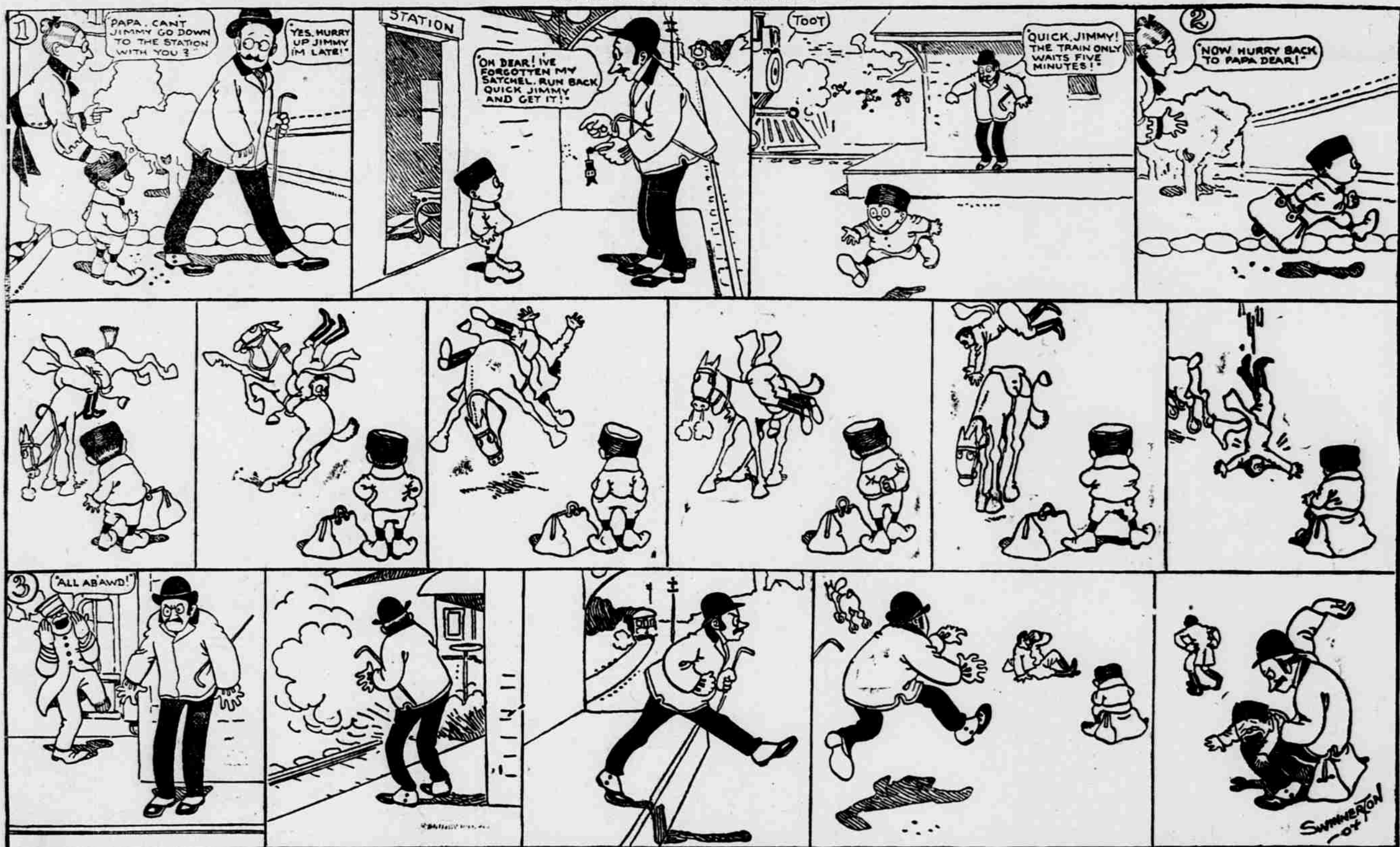


JIMMY—He Gets Papa's Satchel!

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BRIGHT PROSPECTS.



"How're the chances of the team this season?"
 "Fine; we've got a new college pitcher who can abuse the umpire in seven different languages."

Gallo Economy.

"You, our new French cook is an economical treasure. Did I tell you about one of his latest happy ideas?"
 "No. What is it?"
 "He saves all the lemon peelings to clean his kid gloves and then makes the most delicious sherbet out of what's left."
 —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Didn't Show Them.

"He wears his heart on his sleeve" asserts the fair damsel, who is telling about the shallow youth.
 "Yes. I saw that long ago. That isn't what puzzles me about him," replies the more practical maiden.
 "What else about him interests you?"
 "I can't discover where he keeps his brains."

Vicissitudes.

"You will love me till the end" faltered Hugo in the drama.
 "Till the end, Hugo," answered Helena, the beautiful heroine.
 "But there will be vicissitudes."
 "Listen, Hugo. In the wardrobe which the management has provided me with there are sixteen gowns. What is it that means? Precisely that there will be no more than sixteen vicissitudes. It is not so many, Hugo, where love is."
 And she looked up into his face, unutterably.—Puck.

Uncle Eben's Philosophy.

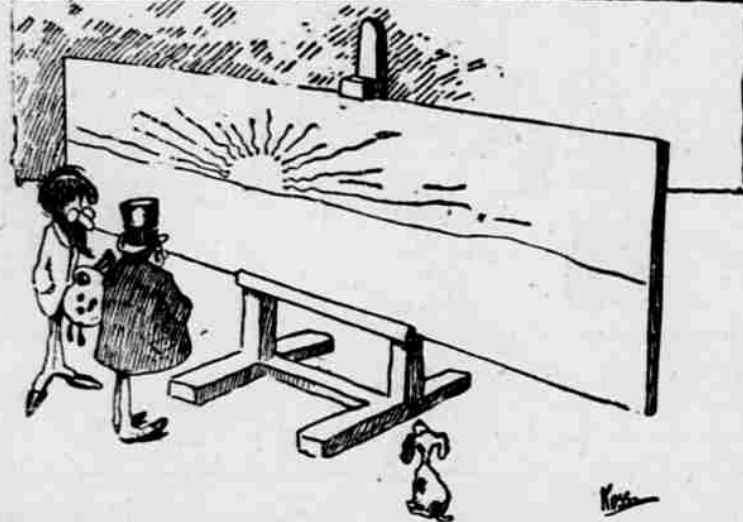
"When you've done los' an opportunity," said Uncle Eben, "you wants to git busy lookin' for another, 'tild' o' sittin' down an' talkin' 'bout yuh habid luck like you was proud of it."—Washington Star.

ENCOURAGING.



Theatrical Manager to young aspirant for a trial: "Aw, why don't yer put some sentiment into your speech? Get a-feelings! Just imagine me to be a beautiful young heiress and talk at me!"

A PROBABLE BUYER.



Art Dealer: "Why, what's this? You seem to have wasted a lot of canvas for nothing."
 Dealer: "Oh, no. I thought I could sell it to the Emperor of the Sahara as a picture of his Empire."—Puck-Me-Up.

Beginning of the Trouble.

"When I married you," sneered the aristocratic husband, "your father was in trade."
 "True," replied the wife, with a sigh long drawn out, "and I was badly sold."

To Be Sure.

"All things are beautiful," asserted the lecturer, who was elucidating the loveliness of our surroundings. "Even a mole or a wart—distasteful as it first appears—may in time become positively attractive to us."
 "They do grow on one," agreed a sympathetic listener.—Chicago Tribune.

Wasn't Particular.

The Duke: "Is it true that you are going to marry an American heiress?"
 The Count: "It is."
 The Duke: "What's her name?"
 The Count: "Don't know yet."

Most Remarkable Trade.

Mr. Kadley: "Miss Odley is a queer girl. I heard her remark to another girl that she saw Miss Swellman on the avenue today."
 Miss Part: "Well, what's queer about that?"
 Mr. Kadley: "The queer part was that she didn't proceed in the same breath to describe what Miss Swellman had on."
 Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Where the Trouble Lies.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire."
 "That's all right. If only the walking delegate wouldn't convince him that he's worthy of more than that."



Blundering Visitor: "By Jove! He-he's w-wonderfully human-looking, isn't he?"
 The Tatler.

THE WAY IT WAS SHOWN.



Wife: "That's a pretty blouse, isn't it, Tom?"
 Husband: "Y-yes; but isn't the—er—petticoat a little short—eh, what?"

Didn't Take Any.

"Yes, sah," said the old negro man, "my boy 'Rastus' hab dun gone to New York to work up to de top o' de ladders, an' he an' shorly gwine to git dar' wid boaf feet."

"There's no such word as fall in his lexicon, eh, uncle?"
 "Rastus didn't dun take no lexicon wid him, sah," replied the old man, after puzzling over the question for awhile. "All he had was 13 cents, a toothbrush an' 'leben rabbits' foots!"—Denver News.

A Stirring Finish.

Tourist: "And did the musical genius born on this ranch finish his education in Europe?"
 Borax Bob: "No; right here in Arizona. He tried to convince some o' the boys that ragtime wasn't good music, an' they buried him an' his pianer together."—Judge.

The Mince Fied Piper.

"An awful dream!" cried the piper, after his wife had shaken him by the shoulder and awakened him. "An awful dream! I dreamed, did I? It was no wonder. Listen."
 He told her his dream—in effect the story which has been embodied in the poem concerning his visit to Hamelin Town.

"I am not surprised that you dreamed such a fearsome thing," commented his wife. "A man who will eat a whole mince pie for lunch before going to bed must expect to suffer from nightmares!"

There are said to be forty ways of telling a woman you love her, and there are thirty-nine ways in which she may pretend to misunderstand you.

Some people can see your fortune in your hand, but the majority of people would rather go by what they read in your bank book.—Chicago Tribune.

In Bostonese.

In the language of the natives, those cows that Dame Boston includes in her inventory of personal belongings are a bovine superfluity.

A Fezy Woman.

"I've got some good news for you, William, just as soon as you have cleaned up the yard."
 "What's the matter with giving it to me now?" he asked.
 "Oh, you've been promising to clean up the yard for me for the last two days," she explained, "so I want you to do that first."
 Thereupon the obedient husband devoted two hours to the task.
 "Now, what's the news?" he asked.
 "Why, Mr. Brown wanted you to come over to his house for a smoke and a chat, but it's too late now," she answered. "I knew you wouldn't clean the yard if I told you first."

THE DOPE WAS FATAL TO BRUIN

